Department of Music
University of Alberta

In Recital

SUSAN SHANTORA, soprano

with

GREG CAISLEY, piano

and

ALLISON STOROCHUK, clarinet

Saturday, February 20, 1993 at 3:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

PROGRAM

Come Ever Smiling Liberty — George Fredrick Handel (1685-1759)
So Shall the Lute & Harp Awake
from Judas Maccabeus

La Conocchia — Gaetano Donizetti (1799-1828)
La Mezzanotte

Der Hirt Auf dem Felsen, Op. post. 129, D965 — Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Allison Storochuk, clarinet

interval

Duo in E-Flat Major — Norbert Bergmüller (1810-1836)

Allison Storochuk, clarinet
Greg Caisley, piano

Cinq Mélodies Populaires Grecques — Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)
La Réveil de la Mariée
Là-bas, ver l'église
Quel galant m'est comparable
Chanson des cueilleuses de Lentisques
Tout gai!

Cuatro Madrigales Amatorios — Joaquin Rodrigo (b. 1901)
Con qué la lavaré?
Vos me matásteis
De dónde venis, amore?
De los àlamos vengo, madre

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen/
The Shepherd on the Rock

Wenn auf dem höchsten Fels ich steh',
Ins tief Tal herniederseh',
Und singe:
Fern aus dem tiefen dunklen Tal
Schwingt sich empor der Widerhall
Der Klüfte.

When on the highest rock I stand,
gaze down into the deep valley
and sing:
from afar in the deep dark valley
floats up the echo
of the ravines.

Je weiter meine Stimme dringt,
Je heller sie mir widerklingt
Von unten.
Mein Liebchen wohnt so weit von mir,
Drum sehn ich mich so heiß nach ihr
Hinüber.

The further my voice reaches,
the clearer its echo
from below.
So far away my loved one lives,
wherefore I yearn so ardently to be
where she is.

In tiefem Gram verzehr ich mich,
Mir ist die Freude hin,
Auf Erden mir die Hoffnung wich,
Ich hier so einsam bin.

With deep grief I am consumed,
my joy has gone,
abandoned am I by earthly hope,
and so lonely here.

So sehnend klang im Wald das
Lied,
So sehnend klang es durch die Nacht,
Die Herzen es zum Himmel zieht
Mit wunderbarer Macht.
Der Frühling will kommen,
Der Frühling, mein Freund,
Nun mach ich mich fertig,
Zum Wandern bereit.

So longingly sounded my song in the
wood,
so longingly through the night,
drawing hearts to heaven
with wondrous power.
Spring is coming,
spring, who is my friend,
and now I make ready,
make ready to journey.

Je weiter meine Stimme dringt,
Je heller sie mir widerklingt
Von unten.

The further my voice reaches,
the learer its echo
from below.

Texts and translations (continued)

La Conocchia
(English translation unavailable)
Quann'a lo bello mio voglio parlare, ca spisso me ne vene lugolio,
a la fenesta me mett'a filare, quann'a lo bello mio voglio parlare,
quan'isso passa, po' rompo lo filo e co''na grazia me mett'a priare,
bello, peccarità, proitemillo, isso lu piglia,
e io lo sto a guardare, e accossi me ne vao'mpilo, ajemmè!

La Mezzanotte
(English translation unavailable)
Quando notte sarà oscura e le stelle in ciel vedrai,
Cheto, cheto mi verrai nel mio asilo a ritrovar.

Ma non debbo a te sol tanto aprir l'uscio a notte bruna;
coprirebbesi la luna, vereconda in suo pudor.

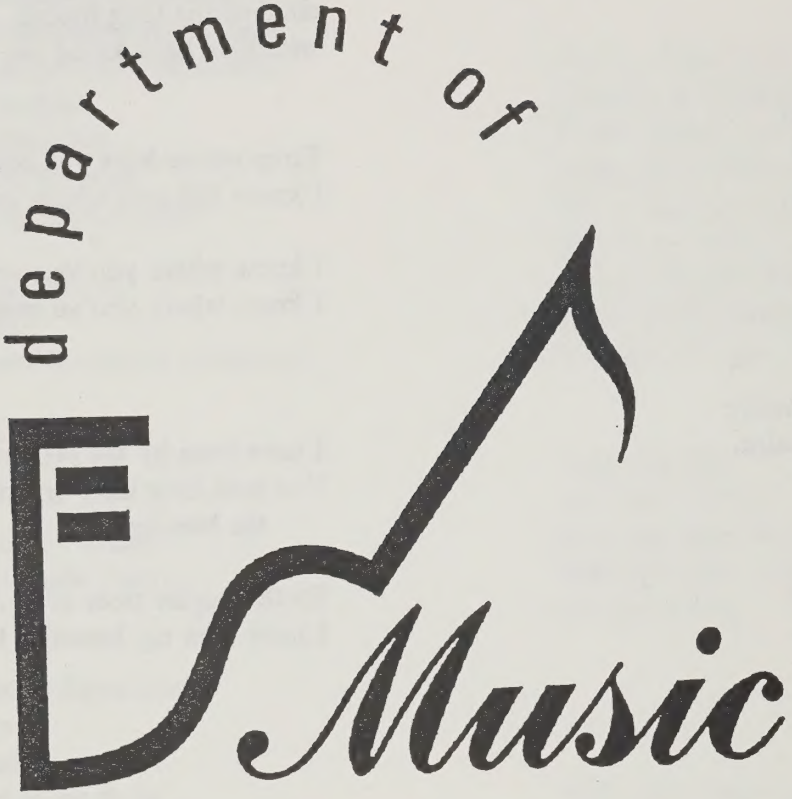
Noi due soli non saremo, verecondia non consente;
vuò che un terzo sia presente, e quel terzo sia l'amor:
canta pur la tua canzone, ch'io t'attento sul balcone.

Cinq Mèlodies Populaires Grecques
Le Réveil de la Mariée
Song for the Bride

Réveille toi, perdrix mignonne,	Awake, little partridge,
Ouvre au matin tes ailes,	Greet the morning with open wings,
Trois grains de beauté,	Your three beauty spots
Mon coeur en est brulé.	Put my heart on fire.
Vois le ruban d'or que je t'apporte	Look at the golden ribbon which I bring you
Pour le nouer autour de tes cheveux.	To tie round your hair.
Si tu veux, ma belle, viens nous marier!	Let us get married, my love, if you will!
Dans nos deux familles tous sont alliés.	In our two families all are related.

Là-bas, vers l'église
Yonder at the Church

Là-bas, vers l'Eglise,	Yonder, at the church,
Ayio Sidéro,	At the church of Ayio Sidero
L'Eglise, o Vierge Sainte,	The church, oh Blessed Virgin,
L'Eglise, Ayio Costanndino	The church of Ayio Costanndino,
Se sont réunis,	Have come together,
Rassemblés en nombre infini	Have assembled in great numbers
Du monde, o Vièrge Sainte,	People, oh Blessed Virgin,
Du monde tous les plus braves.	All of the bravest people!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